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A TRIBUTE TO POLAND

by Most Reverend Archbishop RICHARD J. CUSHING

While freedom is being won and city after city is being liberated throughout the world, it is sad to note that those who first suffered the impact of the invader, and who have never given up the struggle, appear destined to be mercilessly crushed in their attempt to regain freedom. I speak of the heroic people of Poland.

As soon as the Polish opposition to the Nazi invasion had been crushed, the people of Poland's western provinces were torn from their homes and lands and systematic destruction of a great people began. While staggering from the first attack, another enemy crossed her borders to deliver the blow of death. To Germany and Russia went helpless Poland.

From the time it gained its independence in 1919 until the outbreak of World War II in 1939, Poland was a most progressive nation and achieved wonders in the face of very difficult conditions. Within her borders there were twenty million, seven hundred thousand Catholics; about three million, eight hundred thousand Eastern Orthodox; about eight hundred thousand Protestants and three million, one hundred thousand Jews. Every single one of them enjoyed religious freedom under Poland's Constitution. When the invaders took over they first struck with ruthless brutality at the Catholic Church and, ere long, began a war of extermination against all religions. There is no need to retell the story of destruction, exile and slaughter. It is probable that no nation in all history ever suffered so greatly and so bitterly in such a short period of time. But while the fury of war crushed the bodies of men, it could not destroy the spirit of a nation.

Against seemingly insurmountable difficulties and in the face of almost certain defeat, with few if any signs of hope, the Poles fought on. They never despaired. More than nine hundred thousand of their soldiers gave their lives on almost every battle-front. In occupied Poland the losses are said to be approximately five million, seven hundred thousand. Of this number three million, five hundred thousand are reported to have been executed, murdered, or to have died in concentration camps, in prison or in gas chambers. Two hundred thousand are said to be in prison camps and the remaining two million are listed as deported to forced labor in the enemy homeland. When one compares the population of Great Britain, the United States and Poland, the significance of Poland's contribution is astounding and appalling. Her losses exceed eighteen percent of her prewar population.

If the Penal Code in Ireland was one of the most effective instruments that ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man, to degrade, to impoverish and to destroy a people, it found its rival in the enemy's

treatment of the Poles. The devastation of their country is a hideous scar on the face of the earth; the annihilation of their institutions is an irreparable cultural loss for the people of the world. Poland's eastern frontiers are the boundary of Western civilization, as witnessed by architectural styles, peasant costumes, folklore, music, decorative art and literary taste, but, above all, by their Faith. All who enjoy the heritage of Christianity share in the loss sustained by that prostrated country.

Sad to tell, little is made today of the fact that Poland was the first nation to stand against the enemy. Little is now told of her sufferings, her death toll, her devastation, the expulsion of her people to Siberia in the one direction, and to the Nazi labor compounds on the other. The cry that rang throughout the world at the outbreak of the war—"Poland must be saved"—has suddenly become silent. But the cause of Poland must not die, for her cause is the cause of Europe and the cause of the world.

As her rights are guaranteed, so will the rights of other countries be guaranteed. This war began for Poland's independence and security. Her restoration was the prime technical purpose of the war. Without the guaranteed independence and freedom of Poland the outcome of this war is destined to be questioned, both morally and politically. Morally, because the just aims of the war would be questioned. Politically, because it will be said that ideals are utilized in order to prosecute wars but not to organize peace. Poland is a test case. We ask, therefore, that the same justice be given to Poland as we expect will be accorded to every other country, large or small, that has been our ally in this war.

Our tribute to Poland and our plea for justice in her behalf may, or may not, be heard. We do not know whether Poland will be saved, but we will always have the consolation before the judgment of history of having lifted our voice to plead her cause. One more thing we can do, we can offer our prayers and sympathy to the Polish fighting forces who fulfill, so bravely and constantly, their arduous duties although their families are killed, their homes ruined and the whole future of their nation is dark.

We pray further that justice may be done to this martyred people so that a great nation, an ancient member of Christendom, a faithful defender through the ages of its faith and culture, may once again be free . . . free from the malice of her enemies and the selfishness of her friends.

Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 14, 1945.

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Front Cover: Polish Motor Repair Depot on the Italian Front. The soldier on the right is an 18-year old boy from Upper Silesia, who was conscripted forcibly into the German Army, and escaped to the Polish Second Corps during the German retreat from Faenza in Italy.

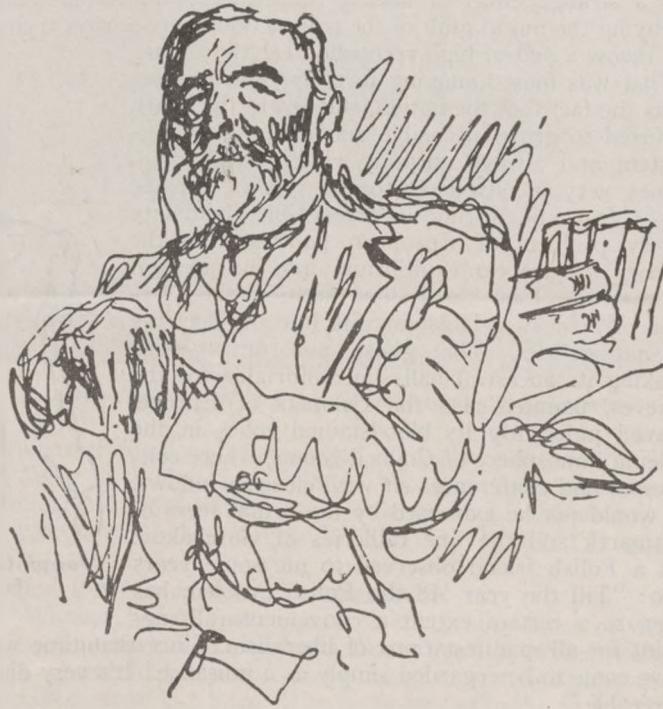
THE CRIME OF PARTITION

by JOSEPH CONRAD (1919)

AT THE end of the eighteenth century when the partition of Poland had become an accomplished fact the world qualified it at once as a crime. This strong condemnation proceeded, of course, from the West of Europe; the Powers of the centre, Prussia and Austria, were not likely to admit that this spoliation fell into the category of acts morally reprehensible and carrying the taint of anti-social guilt. As to Russia, the third party to the crime, and the originator of the scheme, she had no national conscience at the time. The will of its rulers was always accepted by the people as the expression of an omnipotence derived directly from God. As an act of mere conquest the best excuse for the partition lay simply in the fact that it happened to be possible; there was the plunder and there was the opportunity to get hold of it. Catherine the Great looked upon this extension of her dominions with a cynical satisfaction. Her political argument that the destruction of Poland meant the repression of revolutionary ideas and the checking of the spread of Jacobinism in Europe was a characteristically impudent pretence. There may have been minds here and there amongst the Russians that perceived, or perhaps only felt, that by the annexation of the greater part of the Polish Republic, Russia approached nearer to the comity of civilised nations and ceased, at least territorially, to be an Asiatic Power.

It was only after the partition of Poland that Russia began to play a great part in Europe. To such statesmen as she had then that act of brigandage must have appeared inspired by great political wisdom. The King of Prussia, faithful to the ruling principle of his life, wished simply to aggrandise his dominions at a much smaller cost and at much less risk than he could have done in any other direction; for at that time Poland was perfectly defenceless from a material point of view, and more than ever, perhaps, inclined to put its faith in humanitarian illusions. Morally, the Republic was in a state of ferment and consequent weakness, which so often accompanies the period of social reform. The strength arrayed against her was just then overwhelming; I mean the comparatively honest (because open) strength of armed forces. But, probably from innate inclination towards treachery, Frederick of Prussia selected for himself the part of falsehood and deception. Appearing on the scene in the character of a friend he entered deliberately into a treaty of alliance with the Republic, and then, before the ink was dry, tore it up in brazen defiance of the commonest decency, which must have been extremely gratifying to his natural tastes.

... In the second half of the eighteenth century there were



Joseph Conrad, drawing by Feliks Topolski.

two centres of liberal ideas on the continent of Europe: France and Poland. On an impartial survey one may say without exaggeration that then France was relatively every bit as weak as Poland; even, perhaps, more so. But France's geographical position made her much less vulnerable. She had no powerful neighbours on her frontier; a decayed Spain in the south and a conglomeration of small German Principalities on the east were her happy lot. The only States which dreaded the contamination of the new principles and had enough power to combat it were Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and they had another centre of forbidden ideas to deal with in defenceless Poland, unprotected by nature, and offering an immediate satisfaction to their cupidity. They made their choice, and the untold sufferings of a nation which would not die was the price exacted by fate for the triumph of revolutionary ideals.

Thus even a crime may become a moral agent by the lapse

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THE CRIME OF PARTITION

(Continued from page 3)

of time and the course of history. Progress leaves its dead by the way for progress is only a great adventure as its leaders and chiefs know very well in their hearts. It is a march into an undiscovered country; and in such an enterprise the victims do not count. As an emotional outlet for the oratory of freedom it was convenient enough to remember the Crime now and then: the Crime being the murder of a State and the carving of its body into three pieces. There was really nothing to do but to drop a few tears and a few flowers of rhetoric upon the grave. But the spirit of the nation refused to rest therein. It haunted the territories of the Old Republic in the manner of a ghost haunting its ancestral mansion where strangers are making themselves at home; a calumniated, ridiculed, and pooh-pooh'd ghost, and yet never ceasing to inspire a sort of awe, a strange uneasiness, in the hearts of the unlawful possessors. Poland deprived of its independence, of its historical continuity, with its religion and language persecuted and repressed, became a mere geographical expression. And even that, itself, seemed strangely vague, had lost its definite character, was rendered doubtful by the theories and the claims of the spoliators who, by a strange effect of uneasy conscience, while strenuously denying the moral guilt of the transaction, were always trying to throw a veil of high rectitude over the Crime. What was most annoying to their righteousness was the fact that the nation, stabbed to the heart, refused to grow insensible and cold. That persistent and always uncanny vitality was sometimes very inconvenient to the rest of Europe also. It would intrude its irresistible claim into every problem of European politics, into the theory of European equilibrium, into the question of the Near East, the Italian question, the question of Schleswig-Holstein, and into the doctrine of nationalities. That ghost, not content with making its ancestral halls uncomfortable for the thieves, haunted also the Cabinets of Europe, waved indecently its bloodstained robes in the solemn atmosphere of Council-rooms, where congresses and conferences sit with closed windows. It would not be exorcised by the brutal jeers of Bismarck and the fine railleries of Gorchakov. As a Polish friend observed to me some years ago: "Till the year '48 the Polish problem has been to a certain extent a convenient rallying-point for all manifestations of liberalism. Since that time we have come to be regarded simply as a nuisance. It's very disagreeable."

I agreed that it was, and he continued: "What are we to do? We did not create the situation by any outside action of ours. Through all the centuries of its existence Poland has never been a menace to anybody, not even to the Turks, to whom it has been merely an obstacle."

Nothing could be more true. The spirit of aggressiveness was absolutely foreign to the Polish temperament, to which the preservation of its institutions and its liberties was much more precious than any ideas of conquest. Polish wars were defensive, and they were mostly fought within Poland's own borders. And that those territories were often invaded was but a misfortune arising from its geographical position. Territorial expansion was never the master-thought of Polish statesmen. The consolidation of the territories of the *sérénissime* Republic, which made of it a Power of the first rank for a time, was not accomplished by force. It was not the consequence of successful aggression, but of a long and successful defence against the raiding neighbours from the East. The lands of Lithuanian and Ruthenian speech were never conquered by Poland. These peoples were not compelled by a

series of exhausting wars to seek safety in annexation. It was not the will of a prince or a political intrigue that brought about the union. Neither was it fear. The slowly-matured view of the economical and social necessities and, before all, the ripening moral sense of the masses were the motives that induced the forty-three representatives of Lithuanian and Ruthenian provinces, led by their paramount prince, to enter into a political combination unique in the history of the world, a spontaneous and complete union of sovereign States choosing deliberately the way of peace. Never was strict truth better expressed in a political instrument than in the preamble of the first Union Treaty (1413): It begins with the words: "This Union, being the outcome not of hatred, but of love"—words that Poles have not heard addressed to them politically by any nation for the last one hundred and fifty years.

This union being an organic, living thing capable of growth and development was, later, modified and confirmed by two other treaties, which guaranteed to all the parties in a just and eternal union all their rights, liberties, and respective institutions. The Polish State offers a singular instance of an extremely liberal administrative federalism which, in its Parliamentary life as well as its international politics, presented a complete unity of feeling and purpose. As an eminent French diplomatist remarked many years ago:

"It is a very remarkable fact in the history of the Polish State, this invariable and unanimous consent of the populations; the more so that, the King being looked upon simply as the chief of the Republic, there was no monarchical bond, no dynastic fidelity to control and guide the sentiment of the nations, and their union remained as a pure affirmation of the national will." The Grand Duchy of Lithuania and its Ruthenian Provinces retained their statutes, their own administration, and their own political institutions. That those institutions in the course of time tended to assimilation with the Polish form was not the result of any pressure, but simply of the superior character of Polish civilisation.

Even after Poland lost its independence this alliance and this union remained firm in spirit and fidelity. All the national movements towards liberation were initiated in the name of the whole mass of people inhabiting the limits of the Old Republic, and all the Provinces took part in

them with complete devotion. It is only in the last generation that efforts have been made to create a tendency towards separation, which would indeed serve no one but Poland's common enemies. And, strangely enough, it is the internationalists, men who professedly care nothing for race or country, who have set themselves this task of disruption, one can easily see for what sinister purpose. The ways of the internationalists may be dark, but they are not inscrutable.

From the same source no doubt there will flow in the future a poisoned stream of hints of a reconstituted Poland being a danger to the races once so closely associated within the territories of the Old Republic. The old partners in the Crime are not likely to forgive their victim its inconvenient and almost shocking obstinacy in keeping alive. They had tried moral assassination before and with some small measure of success, for, indeed, the Polish question, like all living reproaches, had become a nuisance. Given the wrong, and the apparent impossibility of righting it without running risks of a serious nature, some moral alleviation may be found in the belief that the victim had brought its misfortunes on its own head by its own sins. That theory, too, had been advanced about Poland (as if other nations had known nothing of sin

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WARSAW AS I LOVED IT

by JOSEPHINE HILLS

"THE red and white flags of Poland floated over the scarred and blackened city of Warsaw today as hundreds of Poles took up the gigantic task of bringing their ancient capital back to life."

This is what I read on January 19th in our local newspaper, and an awesome feeling came over me as I continued.

"Warsaw met us with a terrible silence. No single live human was among this devastation. The Germans had exiled all the inhabitants."

Oh, Poland, My Poland! What tragedy has befallen you? You who have been so splendid and beautiful in the gay and happy days that I remember. I feel this loss so keenly!

I had made up my mind long ago to visit your wonderful land and the opportunity came when I graduated from the Hartford Art School, Hartford, Conn., and held in my hand an Artist's diploma.

I had read of an announcement where one could go to Poland to further his studies and my heart skipped with joy. There would be nothing to stop me, and in this frame of mind, this wild enthusiasm, I convinced my instructors and received an Art Scholarship to study for one year at the Warsaw Academy.

It was the year 1932 when I first saw Warsaw. It was then that you cast your spell over me.

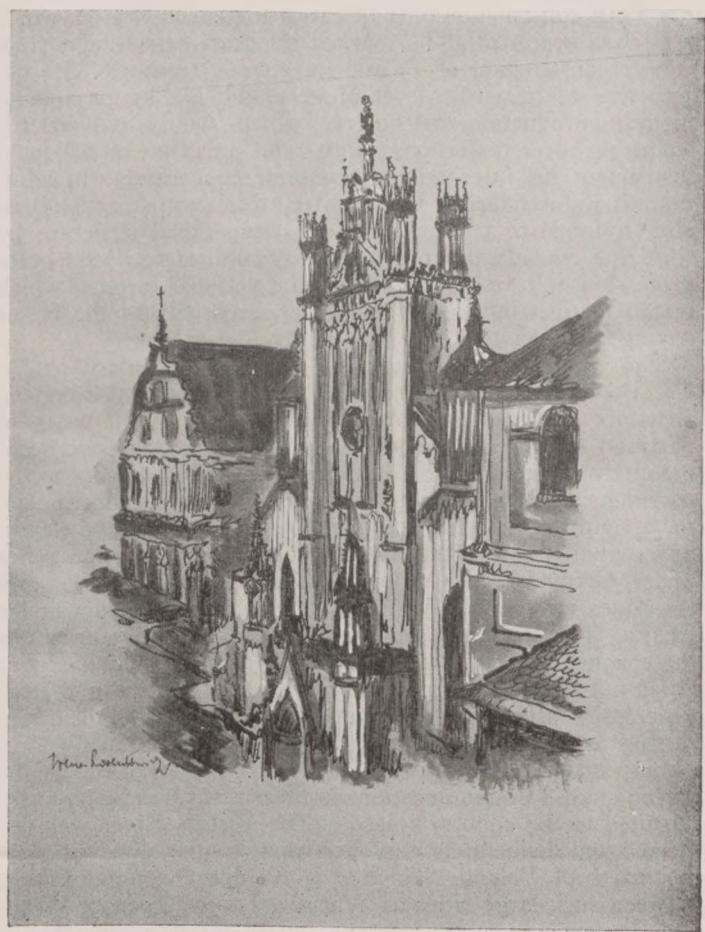
I remember it so clearly. An early October morning, a crispness in the air and a feeling of unreality as if I were looking at you in a dream. The spires and waves of gables made the skyline, the narrow streets through which I rode, were made narrower by projecting balconies and balustrades, and I marvelled at your loveliness. The numerous cabs lined up along the street curbs impressed me and the drivers appeared very picturesque in their navy blue caps. You were a modern city, yet you kept the charm of other days.

I had come to you a stranger and yet when I had arrived at the apartment of Miss Marya Werten, a Polish artist of fame, with whom I was to stay, I experienced your warmth and friendliness. As I entered through the gateway which was opened by the "stroż" or keeper, I was greeted in Polish, a smile of welcome and an eagerness to help me with my suitcases. I felt as if I was a very special guest.

My first day at the Academy fills me with tender memories. Warm friendship was reflected in the students as we slowly became acquainted, and the Professors, whose patience and invaluable training I cherish today, were more than teachers, they were my friends.

Our classrooms were always gay, exaggeratedly ambitious; the students were proud of their Art and I was to see often the proud exhibits of their work. Among my many student friends were two whose close friendship I was to share during my stay in Warsaw. One was the daughter of Professor Skoczyłas, talented daughter of a famous artist and the other, Monica Zeromska, the pretty and versatile daughter of a famous author, Stefan Zeromski, who had risen to such great heights as a writer that upon his death he was honored by a military funeral and laid to rest among the Kings in Wawel Castle in Cracow.

It was when the snow came and blanketed your richly adorned buildings that I saw you in your most glorious mood. With the coming winter months I was to spend many pleasant evenings at Monica's apartment in the heart of Zamkowy Square in the center of the Old City. They had, the mother and daughter, but shortly moved from the Palace where the Polish Government had so nicely accommodated them, to more modern quarters. Pani Zeromska was an intellectual and at her home gathered various artists, eccentrics, and worldly conventionalists. They played and sang in this home, where nothing human and beautiful remained unheralded, and bliss-



St. John's Cathedral in Warsaw, watercolor by Irena Lorentowicz.

ful warmth filled me at these gatherings for here was the joy of living in the heart of Poland. What has been the fate of Monica and those others whose little world I had known?

"WARSAW MET US WITH A TERRIBLE SILENCE."

One Russian correspondent related:

"Warsaw has no more streets in the proper sense of what a street means. The city looks like a mass of broken buildings, shattered telephone poles, tangled electric wires and uprooted street car lines. The Germans wrought destruction with sadistic brutality, methodically turning street after street to ashes."

Oh, Poland, My Poland! I remember a day when your streets were filled with people lighthearted and free from the horrors which have befallen them. My heart bleeds for you!

The Old Market Place held wondrous beauty and charm. There one would see Stryjenska's hand-work of decorative gold-leaf designs on the quaint old houses. To thrill at the sight of a splendid work of Art bathed in golden sunlight. To walk down flights of narrow, stone steps, casually glancing into the uncurtained windows of dwellings that were so close one could touch them arm's length apart, and thus come down to the edge of the Vistula River.

The Old Market Place will always live in our memories, for those who have seen it; the cobbled Square and the quaint houses built around it. The interesting museums, the lovely churches and the meandering narrow streets, will ever live in our minds. Here stood Fukier's, the ancient and historical wine cellar which drew famous men, Presidents, scholars, and

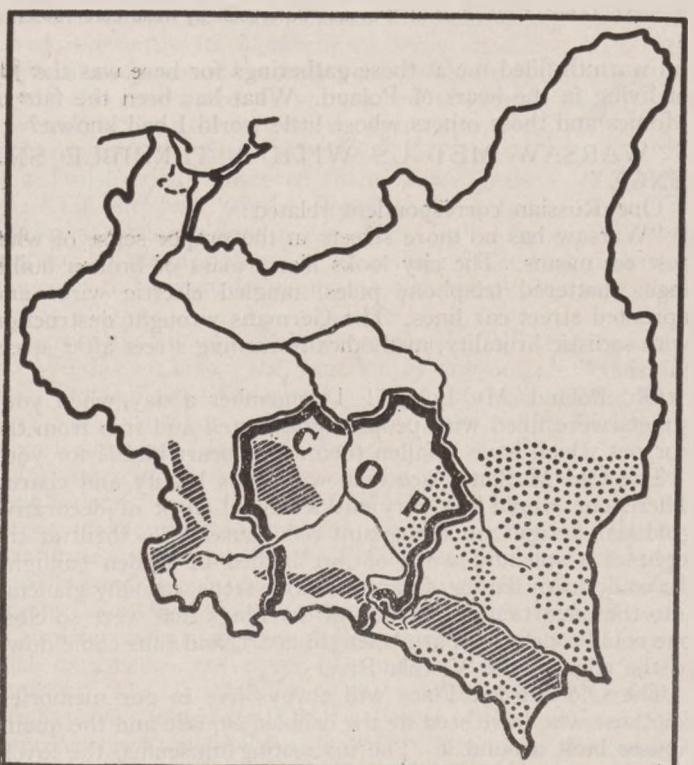
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THE CENTRAL INDUSTRIAL REGION — A POLISH T.V.A.

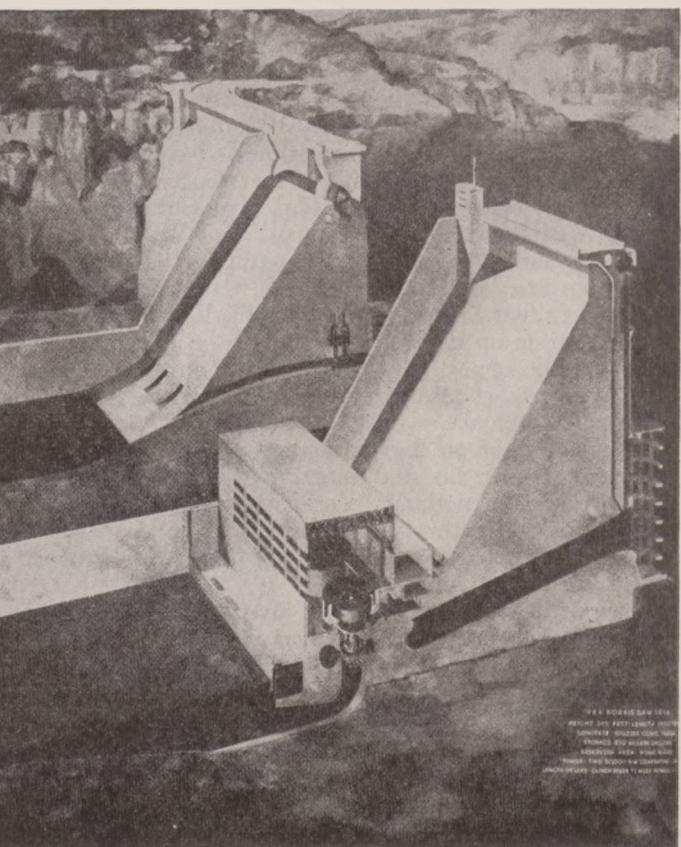
by WITOLD KAMINSKI

THE construction of the Central Industrial Region, which was begun in 1937, marked the start of a fundamental reconstruction of Poland's economic structure. Its object was to raise the level of economic life by organizing modern production machinery, which would exploit the country's own existing possibilities and constitute an adequate instrument for international economic cooperation. In addition to industrializing the country, this reconstruction was also designed to change Poland's occupational structure by shifting a considerable number of agricultural people to other professions. It was also to raise the national income, which would in turn increase employment, especially in the better paying professions.

The Polish Central Industrial Region (popularly called C.O.P.) was a bold attempt to alter the unnatural economic structure that reborn Poland inherited after 150 years of partition. The territory of Poland, whose frontiers were not definitely settled until 1922, united areas which, owing to the partitions, had a completely separate and distinct economic life for a century and a half. In this area there were five clearly differentiated zones: the Poznan-Pomerze and Silesian zones under Germany, the Malopolska zone under Austria, and the zones west of the Vistula and east of the Vistula under Russia. The partitioning governments had left deep traces in these zones, by establishing in them an economic life governed not by economic prerequisites but by political and strategic considerations. Throughout the partitions the Polish territories as a whole were treated as a strategic no-man's land or outpost for aggressive and defensive activities of the neighboring states. Communications in these areas were completely unsuited to the country's needs. The Vistula River was neglected and deliberately exploited as a frontier dividing various parts of Poland. There was no direct communication between such large cities as Warsaw, Lwow, Poznan, Wilno and Cracow.



Location of C.O.P. (Central Industrial Region), in Poland.



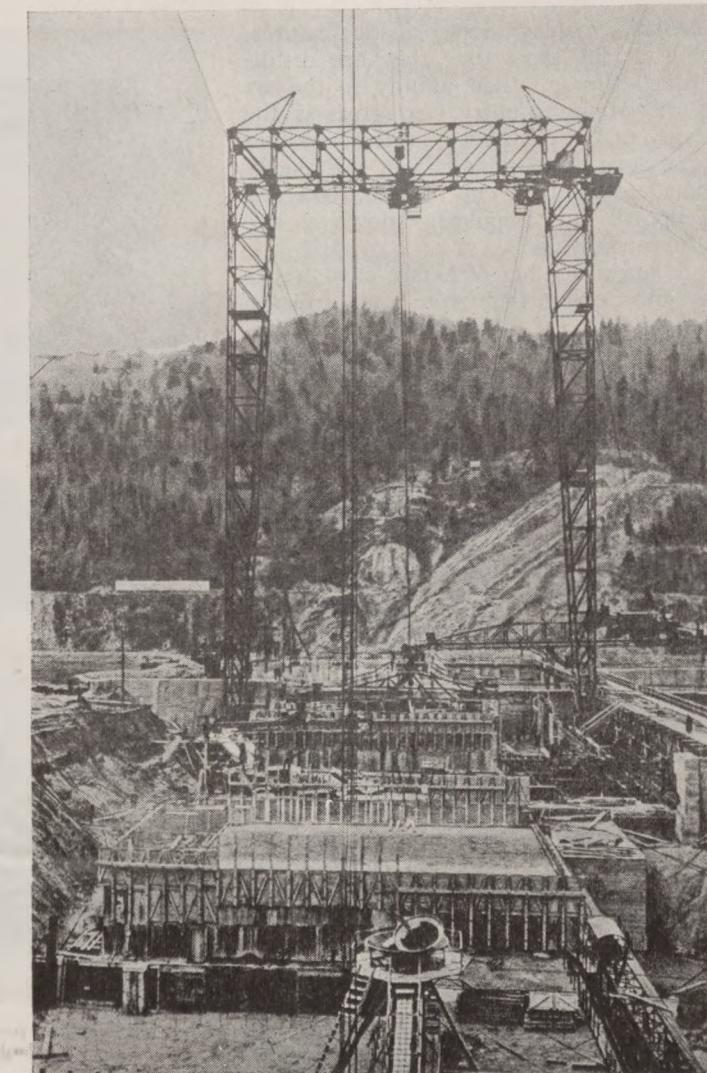
Cross-section of the Norris Dam, completed in 1936 as part of the great Tennessee Valley construction program in the United States. The T.V.A.'s chief aim was to transform an economically backward area into a productive one with the aid of hydro-electric power. The Polish C.O.P., begun in 1937, was a more ambitious project, intended to transform not a single sphere of economic life or a relatively restricted geographical area, but the economic structure of the entire Polish State.

Because of this one-sided agricultural structure and inadequate communications system, economic disproportions developed between the different sections of the country. At the same time, the natural increase of the population very quickly increased its density, which rose from 32 inhabitants per square mile in 1800 to 98 in 1920. As there was no great efflux from agriculture into other professions, such as took place in the 19th century in most of the other European states, almost all the natural increase was retained in agriculture, causing a density of agricultural population not found elsewhere in Europe.

Despite these fundamentally negative conditions, there was a gradual though slow development of industrial life in Poland, and certain manufactures, e.g., the products of the textile industry, even won a place on the international markets.

The plan for construction of the C.O.P. was based on a detailed analysis of its situation in relation to other parts of the country, availability of raw materials, power supply, communications, demographic conditions and conditions of food supply. This analysis was decisive in the choice of area for the future industrial region. The Sandomierz district, lying as a deep wedge of backward area in central and western Poland, was selected because of its proximity to other neglected districts and because of other economic criteria.

As regards raw materials, the Sandomierz area contained iron ore deposits, reserves of pyrites, phosphorites, fireproof clays, lime, gypsum and sulphur, and traces of zinc and lead as well as copper. In the west, the district's boundaries ex-



Porabka Dam in construction, Central Industrial Region, Poland.

tended as far as the rich raw materials area of Silesia-Dabrowa, with its large deposits of coal, iron ore, zinc and lead. In the south-east was a base of bituminous raw materials; oil and natural gas, also potash salts. In addition to minerals, the Sandomierz district had possibilities of internal supplies of timber, livestock, hemp, tobacco, flax, and wool.

The Sandomierz district was equally favorably situated in regard to power supply. Besides its adjacency to the coal and oil fields, it was based geographically on the Carpathian range, which is rich in hitherto unexploited water energy, and the sub-Carpathian area of natural gas-fields. The Vistula tributaries, the San and the Dunajec, provided possibilities of constructing large hydro-electric stations, producing power which could supplement the Silesian coal in servicing the power requirements of the new region. The natural gas fields also could play a similar auxiliary role, apart from the exploitation of this gas in the industrial chemical sphere.

The Vistula River was a natural transport artery for the conveyance of raw materials from Silesia, and it opened the road to the north, to the Baltic, or, via its tributaries, to other districts of the country. Its central geographical situation made it possible to develop other means of communication, which would transform Sandomierz into a communications junction of as great importance as Warsaw.

An element which was particularly strongly emphasized and which clinched the choice of Sandomierz was the demographic situation in this district. The zone of population density which runs across the southern part of Poland reached its maximum intensity at the confluence of the Vistula and San Rivers. All this area was potentially a very large labor market, which, if adequately exploited, presaged not only an increase in prosperity, but a more rational economic life in both the industrial and agricultural sphere.

It was possible for the region to be supplied with food from local resources, as it included part of Lublin province, which is among the leading agricultural districts of Poland.

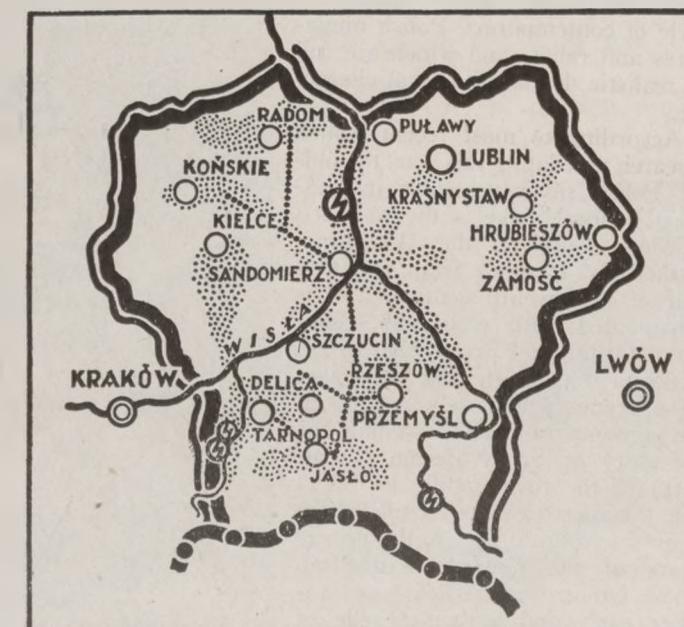
The total area included in the C.O.P. was about 19,305 square miles, with a population of some 5,200,000, the average density of population being 146 inhabitants to the square mile.

Work was begun simultaneously in several spheres in the C.O.P. Parallel with the development of hydro-electric power production, manufacturing establishments were built. Improvement in the exploitation of raw materials was accompanied by the installation of communications. The speed at which the work progressed was unusually rapid. A number of manufacturing works were completed ahead of schedule. In September 1939, over 100 establishments of various sizes were completed or far advanced in building. Certain of them were to be staffed by more than 10,000 workers. Others, highly mechanized, were equipped with the most modern installations, creating employment for highly skilled workers.

Among the most important constructional works completed or almost completed at the end of the first three years were:

Power. The hydro-electric station at Roznow on the Dunajec, while work had begun on the construction of the reservoir at Czchow; thermal power stations at Moscice, Jawidz, Stalowa Wola and Stykow near Starachowice, the high tension cables linking Moscice-Rzeszow-Nisko-Sandomierz-Starachowice-Radom, and the beginning of construction of the transmission line to Warsaw, the gas main from Roztok near Jaslo through Sandomierz to Radom and Pionki, with branches to

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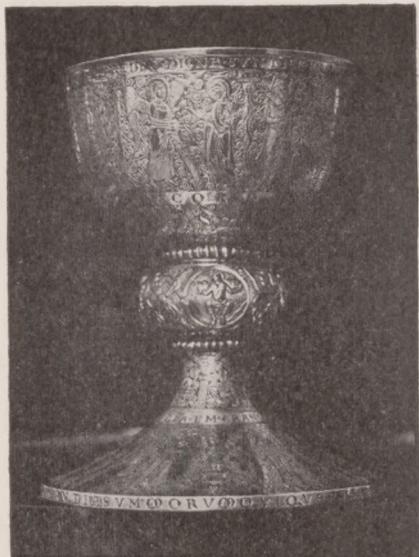
Main gas pipe lines

Hydro-electric plants

Main industrial regions

THE EVOLUTION OF SILVER CRAFTSMANSHIP IN POLAND

by DR. IRENA PIOTROWSKA



12th century silver-gilt chalice from Trzemeszno, the so-called "Dabrowka Cup."

ed in the Romanesque Crypt of St. Leonard in the Wawel Cathedral in Cracow. But no doubt these two silver utensils, like so many other Romanesque church vessels found in Poland, were brought to that country either by Czech monks or those arriving from France and the Meuse River valley. In general, it might be said that Bohemian and Belgian influences predominated in the Romanesque epoch while Bohemian and French influences prevailed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Notwithstanding these foreign importations and influences, already in the twelfth century silver objects appear in Poland which do not permit us to ascribe them either to the Belgian or to the Czech school. Of undoubtedly Polish origin, they are decorated with engraved or embossed scenes which reflect the style of contemporary Polish miniatures and reliefs and which are full of realistic details of a local character.

According to most recent Polish research antedating this war, the oldest Polish silver vessel of unquestionably local make is the so-called "Gedeon Cup" in the Włocławek Cathedral. It dates from the first half of the twelfth century and is ornamented with embossed scenes from the life and martyrdom of St. Gedeon. In design and treatment these scenes are closely related to the contemporary reliefs telling the life story of St. Wojciech (Adalbert) of the royal family of Bohemia, the apostle of Pomerania, which cover from top to bottom the bronze doors of the Gniezno Cathedral. These famous bronze doors are another early and authentic relic of national Polish art of the Romanesque period.

Also two twelfth-century diadems, of Płock and Cracow, as well as the beautiful chalice of Trzemeszno in

POZNANIA, display local realistic features, while at the same time they are distinguished through their affinity to the art of the Meuse country. So great is the beauty of the chalice of Trzemeszno that for a long time it had been mistakenly considered to be a cup of Dabrowka and is up till now popularly known as the "Dabrowka Cup."

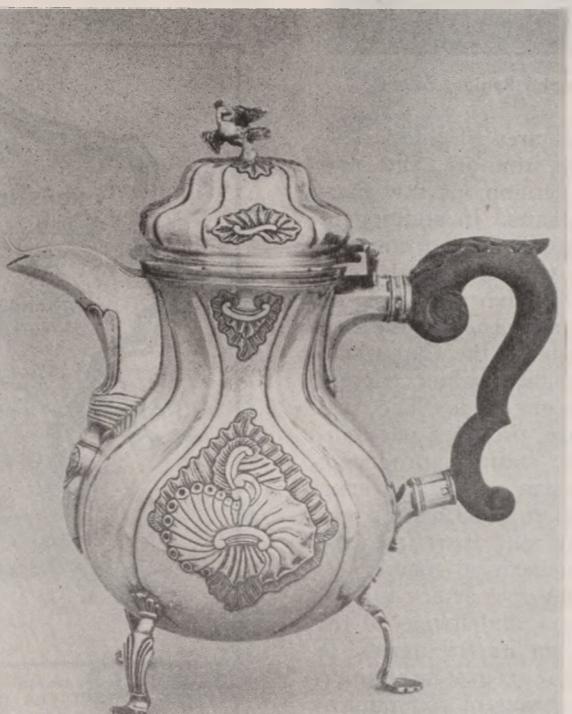
A larger number of extant silver relics of Polish origin date from the thirteenth century. One of the most interesting Polish thirteenth-century sacred silver utensils is the paten of Kalisz. Among several scenes which decorate it, a figure of the goldsmith Konrad at work is discernible.

As time went on, the local traits of Polish art became more pronounced and gold- and silversmithing was attaining higher grades of perfection until they reached their full flowering during the Gothic period. A decisive impetus to the evolution of Polish gold- and silversmithing was given by King Kazimierz (Casimir) the Great, who ascended the Polish throne in 1333 and died in 1370. He donated a particularly great number of exquisite silver-gilt objects to Polish churches. Many of these objects remained preserved in the treasury chambers of old Polish churches until the last German invasion.

It was during the reign of Kazimierz the Great that the artisans of Polish towns established themselves on solid foundations and began to organize craftsmen's guilds. Among the city guilds those of

goldsmiths belonged to the most important and most honored. The first goldsmiths' guild in Poland was organized in Cracow. Although it did not receive royal privileges until 1370 and its statute was not ratified by the city council until 1392, Cracow goldsmiths had used the coat of arms of their city to mark their silverware and thus protect their trade as early as the middle of the century.

Following the example of Cracow, numerous other Polish towns chose special marks to stamp their silver products, and all through the country goldsmiths' guilds sprang up.



Roman Kutyłowski Collection
Middle 18th century silver coffee pot.



Silver-gilt chalice presented by Kazimierz the Great to the Collegiate Church of Kalisz. 1363.



Roman Kutyłowski Collection
Silver sugar casket signed by Lilpop. About 1800.

with strict rules as to the quality of silver used and demanding high standards of workmanship from their members. The best known guilds were those of Warsaw, Poznań, Lwow, Wilno, and Danzig. But none had as many members as the Cracow goldsmiths' guild, nor could any boast of such beautiful work as the silver statues of saints and silver-gilt reliquaries and crosses executed in Cracow during the Gothic period.

Of the many Cracow goldsmiths of renown, let us mention at least Maciej Stwosz, brother of the famous sculptor Wit, and Marcin Marcinek, author of the St. Stanisław Reliquary executed in 1504 and preserved in the Wawel Cathedral. Both these artists were active toward the close of the fifteenth century and at the beginning of the sixteenth.

Of all the Gothic silver work produced in Cracow, special attention must be given to the silver-gilt communion chalices. The earliest Cracow Gothic chalices now known, are those made to order for King Kazimierz the Great. They date back to the third quarter of the fourteenth century. While the ornamentation of the Romanesque chalice was a reflection of contemporary miniatures and reliefs, that of the Gothic chalice developed a character of its own, conditioned by the two essential parts of the chalice, the foot and the cup resting upon it, and by their mutual relationship. Polish Cracow Gothic chalices show common traits with German and Hungarian chalices of the period; they have, however, distinctive features of their own, typical for Poland. Along with

characteristic decorative motifs of the Cracow chalices, a tendency toward a tectonic construction of the vessel must be stressed. This tendency, revealing itself in the shape of the foot and the cup, is especially characteristic for Cracow chalices and differentiates them, for instance, from the German ones.

The Gothic Cracow chalices influenced all Gothic chalices produced in Poland until the end of the sixteenth century, at times even later.

Along with chalices, the monstrances have received a definite form during the Gothic period. As elsewhere in Western Europe, so also in Poland, their forms were dominated by Gothic architecture. Gothic forms were prevalent in Polish monstrances until the close of the sixteenth century. It was not until the seventeenth century that late Renaissance and early Baroque ornamentation began to replace Gothic motifs. That Polish liturgical silver articles had still retained Gothic features during the full Renaissance and the early Baroque periods, was largely due to the pressure of the Polish clergy, who regarded the Gothic as the proper ecclesiastical style.

In secular Polish silver work the Ren-

aissance style, showing strong Italian influences, made its appearance already during the first half of the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, old Polish domestic silver was extremely rare even before this war. Nearly all the plate remaining from earlier centuries was ecclesiastical, as only those pieces stored in churches had escaped destruction during the numerous wars Poland always had to wage in defense of her frontiers.

Of old Polish lay silver, an important branch consisted of silver belts, as seen in early Polish portraits. Later specimens are in the National Museum in Cracow. During the eighteenth century the Polish gentry wearing the national costume, replaced them almost entirely by silk sashes. Equally characteristic of the country were silver batons, very popular in sixteenth- and especially seventeenth-century Poland.

One such baton, of embossed and engraved silver, now in the George R. Hann Collection in Pittsburgh, has been described and analyzed by this writer in an article, "Seventeenth-Century Baton in the U. S. Identified as Polish," which appeared in *The Polish Review*, Vol. IV, No. 43. The top sphere of this baton bears the likeness of King Zygmunt (Sigismund) III, a great protector of silversmithing, and scenes of his life. These scenes are in the style of early seventeenth-century Cracow guild paintings and engravings depicting contemporary historical events. The sprays of foliage which decorate the staff of the baton are of a common Western type of the late Renaissance and early Baroque periods.

As time went on, these Renaissance and Baroque orna-
(Please turn to page 10)



Engraved Foot of a Gothic chalice from Przyszowice. 1580.



Roman Kutyłowski Collection
Silver teapot signed by Malcz. Before 1850.

THE EVOLUTION OF SILVER CRAFTSMANSHIP IN POLAND

(Continued from page 9)

ments acquired some local traits, similar to those found in other late seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Polish crafts. They became simplified, at times submitting to influences of Polish folk ornamentation, then in full development, and at others, notably in costume accessories, to Islamic art influences.

An enlightening example of middle-eighteenth-century Polish domestic silver of a local character is furnished by a coffee-pot in the silver collection of Mr. Roman Kutyłowski of New York, whose odd pieces of Polish tableplate range from the seventeenth century through the fluctuation of styles of the eighteenth to the turn of the nineteenth century. The pyriform, lobed body of the above mentioned coffee pot, with its large cover surmounted by a Polish eagle and its large curvate spout, lies heavily on the slender, fluted cabriole shell and widely separated feet. This arrangement of the various parts of the vessel points to a local Polish master, signed *I.K.S.* who looked rather for a picturesque silhouette than for harmonious proportions. The *repoussé* Rococo cartouche which decorates the vessel is simplified in design and reminds one of certain simplified ornamental motifs on contemporary Polish textiles. The vessel has a charm peculiar to all objects where individual predilections of a sincere and talented craftsman predominate over his desire to vie—by imitating—with some more accomplished models.

Another interesting item of Mr. Kutyłowski's silver collection, an octagonal sugar box, introduces us into a new period of flowering of Polish silversmithing, the neo-classical period. Toward the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the neo-classical style in Poland reigned supreme, in no mean measure owing to the relentless efforts of the last king of Poland, Stanisław August, an ardent admirer of contemporary French and Italian art, who abdicated in 1805. At the turn of the eighteenth century silversmithing also was completely under the spell of the classical trends in contemporary art and no longer paid heed to folk crafts. As to the beauty of workmanship and form, Polish silver of the period in no manner yielded to silverplate produced in Western Europe. The sugar casket in Mr. Kutyłowski's collection is eloquent proof of this. The octagonal box of unreproachable proportions, with hinged cover and lock, on four paw feet, is discreetly decorated with chased grapevine borders. A winged figure of Psyche holding an urn rests on the cover. The box dates from about the year 1800 and is signed by *Lilpop*, one of the foremost silversmiths of Warsaw. It is also marked by the mermaid of Warsaw's coat of arms.

Another most outstanding silversmith of Warsaw, *Malcz*, has his signature on a teapot from Mr. Kutyłowski's collection. His mark in the form of an anchor appears close to his signature. Malcz was active during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. His richly gilded silver teapot, a squat bulbous vessel, wrought with shells and leafage on a stippled ground, is a fine example of Polish middle-nineteenth-century silversmithing.

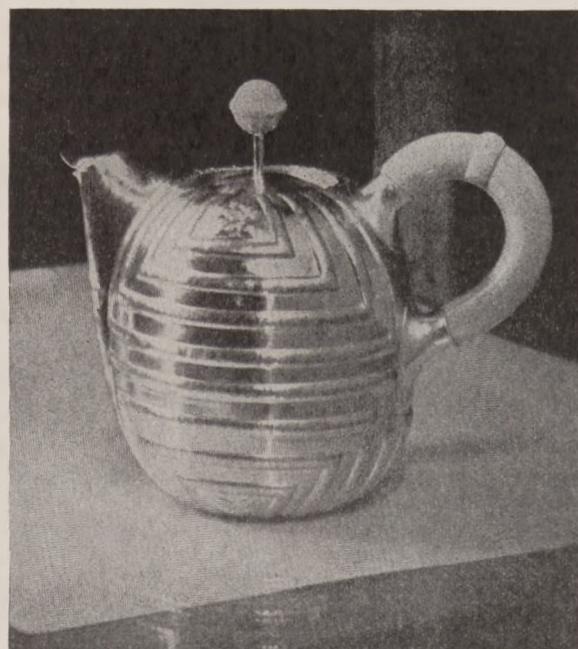
An entirely new epoch in the evolution of Polish silver has begun with the twentieth century. This was a time of the revival of hand-wrought iron, in which field Henryk Grunwald, educated in free Poland in the Warsaw Academy, was an unsurpassed master and found many



Modern silver chalice and ampulla by Henryk Grunwald.

followers. It is not surprising that when Grunwald and other Polish artists turned to producing wrought silver articles, they gave them the same streamlined forms that characterize their wrought iron objects and those of other hard metals. This "wrought-iron" style was even distinct in Grunwald's communion chalice, paten, and ampullae that were exhibited at the New York World's Fair. There is no doubt that with time modern Polish silver work would have attained a style of its own within the forms of modern art, a style more closely related to goldsmithing than to iron work. But the logical and consequent evolution of Polish silversmithing in modern times was broken by the German invasion. It is to be hoped, however, that after Poland regains her full freedom and Polish arts and crafts bloom anew, the thread of the evolution of Polish silversmithing will be picked up and spun onward until modern Polish silver finds its most fitting means of expression, harmoniously blending the new, streamlined art forms, with the precision of execution appropriate to silver work.

Let us add that in 1944 the Polish Armed Forces presented to the Edinburgh Cathedral a silver monstrance designed in the Polish Baroque style by Mikolaj Jankowski.



Modern teapot by Wolko Gartenberg.

CAPT. JANTA RELATES HIS WAR EXPERIENCES

ON March 8th, 1945, at 10:30 p.m., over radio station WINS, New York City, Henry Milo, the noted news analyst, interviewed a well-known Polish writer and world-traveler, Captain Alexander Janta, who recently returned to this country from the battlefronts of Western Europe. The interview follows:

Milo: Our guest tonight is neither a new nor an unknown personality to the American public. His book, *I Lied to Live—A Year as a German Family Slave*, (Roy Publishers), appeared in New York two months ago. I read it with great interest and consider it one of the most unusual stories of this war. Just think: An officer of the Polish Army, a combat correspondent, a writer and traveler, known in Poland before the war, who has covered the Ethiopian and the Sino-Japanese Wars and was for two years a special correspondent in Tokyo becomes a war prisoner and changes his identity. Disguised as a French soldier, he conceals his true identity and nationality. Had the Germans known who he was, there is no doubt that he would today belong to that army of absent men who have had to pay with their lives for their resistance to the Germans.

But this man, after being listed as missing for two and a half years, stands here before us in the uniform of a Polish captain who has been decorated for his intransigence and courage. He represents all Poles fighting for freedom, both living and dead, wounded and prisoners of war.

Captain Alexander Janta came to America from the front lines. He has been here before. He took part in the liberation of Belgium and Holland. He was wounded in Holland. When did it happen, Captain?

Captain Janta: In October, 1944. In an attack on one of the towns along the Belgian-Dutch border. My tank was hit by a German gun. It caught fire, my crew managed to get out, but I was caught in it. I struggled with the cover of the hatch which was blocked by the barrel of the gun. It was then that I was wounded in the hand. After I had extracted myself with great trouble and pain, and jumped into a ditch,

the tank exploded.

Milo: How far were the Germans?

Captain Janta: About 50 yards from us.

Milo: Alexander Janta was then assigned to the unit which interrogated and examined German prisoners. He talked with many prisoners, read their letters and diaries.

Are German prisoners insolent to the Poles?

Captain Janta: I would not say so. I think the very opposite is true. Their behavior toward us Poles reveals their guilty conscience. In all their contacts with us, the army that is helping deal them mortal blows and is taking so many of them prisoner, they reveal this feeling of defeat that I would describe as the depths of depression. For them it is the most striking sort of defeat—a moral one.

Milo: What Polish units took part in the invasion and liberation of Western countries?

Captain Janta: There were, besides the air force and navy, the First Polish Panzer Division under the command of General Stanislaw Maczek and the Paratroop Brigade that landed in Holland at Arnhem.

On the Italian Front there is the Second Polish Corps under the Command of General Wladyslaw Anders who is today Commander in Chief of the Polish Armed Forces.

Milo: How were the Polish troops received by the population of the liberated countries?

Captain Janta: We were deeply impressed by their spontaneous enthusiasm. The French, the Belgians and the Dutch were eloquent in their gratitude. "The hearts of all our cities beat for you Poles," declared the mayors of Belgian towns. The city of Breda in Holland granted honorary citizenship to all the soldiers of the Armored Division. If any of them ever wishes to reside in Breda, he can do so without paying any taxes.

Milo: Were you with the Polish paratroops at Arnhem?

Captain Janta: No, but I met our parachute brigade as it was returning from the battle. One battalion of about 500

(Please turn to p. 15)



Captain Alexander Janta.



Polish tankman and Belgian children.

THROUGH A PERISCOPE

by ANDRZEJ GUZOWSKI *

UNEXPECTEDLY the bell signalling a dive awoke me from a pleasant after-lunch nap. Jumping off my bunk and still half asleep, I made for the control room. A breathless signal corpsman, still holding a semaphore under his arm, turned the wheel of the stern rudder. The Diesel motors were already stopped and the chief electrician was setting the electric ventilators. A light flashed dimly at the bow controls and at the same time the bell rang once more. The pump and ventilators began working and we dived.

One sailor stood at the sound detector, dressed in a jerkin and with a scarf about his neck, tinkered with his apparatus that already was emitting strange sounds. He looked funny beside the rest of the crew, standing about half naked, but Mediterranean nights are cold when spent on the deck of a ship.

After the hatch was closed, "Toto" came down somewhat upset.

"A patrol boat was coming straight at us."

"Dive deep," ordered the captain.

"The sound detector indicated a ship 250° away. After a while we heard the distinct and rapid "chug chug" with our own ears.

"Listen! They're all around us," said the sound detector man.

It passed overhead. Instinctively everyone glanced up and about, as if trying to see the on-coming ship.

"Stop motors, he's looking for us."

A deadly silence prevailed throughout our sub. No one dared move a muscle. The ship passed over us twice more, then the noise of its screws grew softer.

I looked at my watch, quarter to four. We won't surface today any more. Ten after four we raised our periscope.

"Chief, are our batteries charged?"

"Yes, sir, they've been fully charged since three."

I left "Toto" in the control room and went to the mess. The smell of good food cooking had awakened my appetite.

"Hey, how about some chow?"

"It'll be ready at four."

We all cursed that patrol boat which by causing us to submerge ahead of schedule had robbed us of our usual morning cigarette. Now we would have to wait until 11 p.m. And this was the second day in a row, for the same thing had happened yesterday morning at exactly the same time.

"I wonder how big that damn ship is. Maybe it's worth trying to torpedo it so that we'd be rid of it once and for all."

The captain didn't reply, but turned back to the checker game he was playing with another officer.

At four "Maslak" quickly ate supper and went off to relieve "Toto." The crew slowly began going to sleep for our "night" is just the opposite to that observed by the rest of the world.

* This story won first prize in a contest held by the Association of Polish Newspapermen in London for the best war story.



Orzel, famous Polish submarine.

I went on duty at eight, four hours of peering blindingly through the periscope at the smooth, blue surface of the sea, at the beautiful green mountainous shore on which I could see the houses of a port town set amid palms. I saw the red sails of fishing smacks. It looked as pretty as a picture postcard. The only jarring note was a low-flying Junker.

It was stuffy and hot as hades aboard our sub. I turned on a small electric fan over the periscope, and turned back to peer again at the sun-baked port.

We were proceeding slowly toward the port. As we drew nearer we could see great cranes, buildings and warehouses. Many already had been scarred by American bombers.

At 11:40 we reached the spot marked on the map. Changing course, to follow the port's breakwater, I noticed that one ship's masts were tilted at an unnatural angle. Sleepy "Toto," holding a cup of cocoa, listened intently as I repeated the commander's instructions about navigation. Hoping not to be disturbed by planes or destroyers, I went off watch to get some sleep.

"Everything all right?" asked the captain from his bunk.
"All o.k.!" I replied, lying down. We rested until evening.

Just as we were about to surface, a plane tried to bomb us and kept us below for another hour. It was becoming terribly stuffy, especially since the cook was making *bigos* (a Polish cabbage and sausage dish) for dinner. Finally the order to surface came. We went up slowly and quietly. We let out the ballast slowly, for when the air went out too rapidly, there was a loud, tell-tale hissing. Acid gases filled the ship, our stomachs felt funny from the unnatural pressure. Then the Diesels started. We were on the surface and at last could have a cigarette—the first one always has a combined taste of bitterness, chlorine and staleness. But the second one always tastes good.

The control room was dark, lit only by lights in the various instruments. The noise of the Diesel engines was deafening. After supper I read a little until time for my watch. The sea seemed made of silver in the moonlight.

"Keep a sharp eye peeled!" the captain warned as he went below.

Looking through my binoculars I saw only dark waters. Suddenly, the blinding light of a reflector described an arc in the dark sky. It won't reach us, I reassured myself. Time dragged slowly. The night was so beautiful that it was hard to keep my mind on business.

I saw something close in to the shore. A black spot in the moonlight.

"Hard to starboard!"

We approached that suspicious looking shadow. Slowly it took form. We could see the masts—this was the ship that had trailed us for the past couple of days. I had real pleasure in giving the order to fire our torpedoes. The white trail pointed toward the ship's bow. Then the silhouette broke in two with a terrific explosion. The indistinct shape slowly sank. Then the sound of approaching planes drove us deep beneath the surface.

A new day dawned—another long dragging period of daylight that we had to spend undersea, glimpsing the sun only through the periscope. On my watch I saw a 2,000-ton ship, old and dirty fragments of a red mine clinging to its rusty gunwales. But it was an enemy freighter, so we had to sink



Stand by valves!



Markings on Jolly Roger along with captured German flags are evidence of Polish Submarine Sokol's victories on the high seas.

it. We changed course, going straight for the slowly moving vessel.

"Follow this course three minutes."
"Both motors slow speed ahead."

But the ship had made a 130° turn and we could no longer fire a torpedo at her.

"There must be a turning point in the channel somewhere between the minefields at the port's entrance."

"Toto" went to the galley to make us some coffee. But it had to wait, for "Maslak," standing watch at the periscope, reported a fresh target approaching. The ship was a new one with an imposing barrage balloon over it. It was a freighter that carried some passengers and was escorted by a destroyer.

"We won't get the destroyer, so aim for the freighter," the captain ordered.

The attack seemed easy, but at the last moment the freighter maneuvered out of range of our torpedoes. We didn't give up and waited until it had swung back. Then the captain, at the periscope, yelled "Fire!" We waited only to ascertain that all three torpedoes had found their mark, before we beat it out of the narrow dangerous channel.

PORTRAIT OF PUCCINI BY POLISH ARTIST DONATED TO MAYOR LA GUARDIA

A portrait of the Italian composer done in crayon and charcoal by Nina Barska, Polish artist, was presented to Mayor LaGuardia by singers of the Metropolitan Opera in the Mayor's office on December 31, 1944. From left to right: Charles Kullman, Helen Jepson, Leonard Warren and Bidu Sayao, donors of the portrait; Mme. Nina Barska, artist, and the Mayor. Wilfred Pelletier, another of the donors, could not be present at the ceremonies. The Mayor stated at the ceremonies that he intends to donate the work to the High School of Music and Art.



THE CENTRAL INDUSTRIAL REGION—A POLISH T.V.A.

(Continued from page 7)

Moscice, Rzeszow, Stalowa Wola and Starachowice.

Communications. The railway from Rzeszow to Tarnobrzeg; the construction of sidelines and crossings to the main points of industrial development; preparations for the development of Sandomierz junction; basic river conservation works in the area of Sandomierz as preliminary to work on the Vistula river; repair and development of main roads in the central part of the C.O.P.

Building. The building workers' colonies at Stalowa Wola, Rzeszow, Debica, Mielec, Krasnik, Lublin and Sarzyn, and preparation of sites for colonies in other centers.

Mining. The modernization of the extraction installations for iron ore and pyrites in the "Staropolska Region," and of oil and natural gas in the Jaslo region. In many instances these works at least doubled previous output.

Founding and metal industry. Establishments at Stalowa Wola, equipped with electrical furnaces for the production of special steel (and in the mechanical department); the modernization of foundries at Ostrowiec and Starachowice; copper-rolling mills near Tarnobrzeg and an aluminum foundry near Nisko; machine-tool works at Rzeszow, aero-engine works and aeroplane assembly at Mielec and Rzeszow; car works at Czeslawice near Lublin and in Lublin.

Electrotechnical Industry. Wireless and teletechnical equipment factories near Lublin.

Chemical Industry. Development of works at Moscice; production of synthetic rubber near Debica; cellulose production at Niedomice, works for the processing of benzol at Tarnobrzeg; works for dye production and inspissated sulphuric acid at Sarzynia; plastics production and explosive materials at Pustkow near Debica; gun powder production near Jaslo; ammunition works near Krasnik.

Textile Industry. Works for impregnated textile production at Baranow, and works for woolen textiles near Staszow.

Mineral Industry. The cement works near Sandomierz, and the technical pottery works at Cmielow.

Provisions Industry. Processing of dairy products at Debica

and Sandomierz and works for fruit and vegetable processing at Dwikozy and Annopol.

The above-mentioned works do not exhaust the list of works and plants which already existed or were nearing completion at the outbreak of war in September, 1939. In addition to works for basic production there was a development of auxiliary industry and servicing works.

Within the framework of the industrial production brought into being in the C.O.P., several branches of production were opened up which had not previously existed in Poland. This applies first and foremost to several branches of chemical production, such as liquid fuel, plastics, and synthetic raw materials (synthetic rubber). In addition to these branches of new production an aluminum foundry was installed.

Acts of Parliament passed in 1936 and 1937 provided the legal basis for work on the C.O.P. They empowered the Government to carry through a number of projects within the framework of the "Four Year Investment Plan" and granted considerable taxation relief to private capital invested in industrial capital works in the C.O.P. The entire plan was one of business and state cooperation. To provide a link between the state apparatus and the economic self-government for the respective branches of industry, special commissions and bureaux for regional planning were set up in the C.O.P., analogous to those already existing in other parts of the country. These organizational forms of cooperation yielded completely satisfactory results even during the early period. For instance, during the first seven months of 1939, private capital invested over eighty million zlotys in the development of industrial establishments in the C.O.P. Of course, the initial outlay of the State had to be greater and reached the aggregate sum of about one billion zlotys.

The development of the Central Industrial Region in Poland was intended as a basic and preliminary center for the further economic transformation of the country, which was to begin after 1940, as part of the Ten-Year Plan.

The outbreak of war put an end to this activity just as the initial plan was being fully realized.

THE CRIME OF PARTITION

(Continued from page 4)

and folly), and it made some way in the world at different times, simply because good care was taken by the interested parties to stop the mouth of the accused. But it has never carried much conviction to honest minds. Somehow, in defiance of the cynical point of view as to the Force of Lies and against all the power of falsified evidence, truth often turns out to be stronger than calumny. With the course of years, however, another danger sprang up, a danger arising naturally from the new political alliances dividing Europe into two armed camps. It was the danger of silence. Almost without exception the Press of Western Europe in the twentieth century refused to touch the Polish question in any shape or form whatever. Never was the fact of Polish vitality more embarrassing to European diplomacy than on the eve of Poland's resurrection.

... Whatever may be the future of Russia and the final

organisation of Germany, the old hostility must remain unap-peased, the fundamental antagonism must endure for years to come. The Crime of Partition was committed by autocratic Governments which were the Governments of their time; but those Governments were characterised in the past, as they will be in the future, by their people's national traits, which remain utterly incompatible with the Polish mentality and Polish sentiment. Both the German submissiveness (idealistic as it may be) and the Russian lawlessness (fed on the corruption of all the virtues) are utterly foreign to the Polish nation, whose qualities and defects are altogether of another kind, tending to a certain exaggeration of individualism and, perhaps, to an extreme belief in the Governing Power of Free Assent: the one invariably vital principle in the internal government of the Old Republic. There was never a history more free from political bloodshed than the history of the Polish State, which never knew either feudal institutions or feudal quarrels.

WARSAW AS I LOVED IT

(Continued from page 5)

artists into its romantic realm. Many of them left their autographs, and their love for Poland. Shining tall and beautiful in the Square stood King Zygmunt's Column, a monument to a royal past. I had visited the Royal Castle which stood not far away, had taken an active part as a member of the Salamanders, a Club which met in one of the old houses in the old city, and came often to this part of town.

"ALL THIS IS NO MORE BUT A MASS OF RUINS."

I remember the snows melting and signs of Spring appearing, and my heart rejoiced for I had never seen a city "in flowers." When I had first arrived in Gdynia I was greeted by beds of bright red Callas growing thickly in the heart of the City. Everything looked so neat and orderly.

But here in Warsaw I saw the lilacs blooming in the parks, nasturtiums and petunias hanging from the balconies, and tulips and daisies growing in your public squares. It was delightful to walk down the broad tree-lined thoroughfares thickly carpeted with the rich green grass, to see healthy and happy children playing in the beautiful surroundings of the "Lazienki" or Bath-Palace in the Ujazdowski Park.

Sunday was my day. I would hire a cab and ride out to the Park. I loved to sit at some vantage point to watch the many people and children strolling by. A concert, played in the open, brought many music-lovers here. At the entrance there

were pony rides for children and one could buy candy, popcorn and ice cream. It was a children's Paradise.

Sunday was a day of worship such as no other country experienced, for Poland being deeply religious sent forth its people to its many churches and cathedrals. Services were early in the morning when all was in complete darkness and the earth appeared so still. There were some very old churches that made one feel the sacred, glorious past.

There was never a dull moment in your beautiful city. One could find many things to do; places to visit, and so much to see. Woven into this abundant living was your people's love for good music, and the theater.

We have been left with memories of pleasant associations and stirring moments and wonder if sometimes in the future all of this can be lived over again.

To You Beloved Poland, I make this prayer. To those learned men, Professor Pluzanski, Head of Warsaw's Polytechnic Institute, to Professors Skoczyłas, Bartłomiejczyk, Jastrzebowski, all famous as Polish artists, and to all their followers who have lost their lives, and to those students whose young lives have been snuffed out, and to those who cherished you and were proud to be Poles, may their memory be ever bright and may our New Poland arise once more from her ruin and suffering to win her place in the world, a shining star in our firmament of Nations of Faith and Hope Everlasting.

CAPTAIN JANTA RELATES HIS WAR EXPERIENCES

(Continued from page 11)

men was practically wiped out.

Milo: What in your opinion, Captain Janta, was your most thrilling experience during the invasion battles? Are there any that stand out in your memory as being particularly moving or of exceptional interest?

Captain Janta: When I with two other men captured 16 Germans in one night in a house where we dropped in to get a little water. The Germans were not expecting us to be so near, but we on the other hand, never thought to find Germans in the house. After they saw us—Poles—they wanted to run despite being heavily armed, but we stopped the war for them once and for all.

There were many more similar incidents every day on the front. Some, however, were of a different character. For example, I cannot forget the tears of gratitude in the eyes of the people to whom we, so far from our own country, brought freedom and liberation. But the most memorable to me as a Pole was the discussion I had with my comrades-in-arms one night on the Belgian-Dutch frontier. We were

about 300 meters from the town of Zondereigen, a Belgian hamlet we were to liberate. I had just arrived from London. The men in the line were all Poles. Although I was anxious to question them on their experiences, they gathered around me, eager to hear the latest news about the Polish situation. "What about Warsaw? What do America and England think of the situation? We know so little of these things here. And we all wonder about the future."

Milo: Five long years in the struggle for freedom!

Captain Janta: In my opinion their words and deeds express better than anything else the devotion to country and the ideals of freedom and liberty that are characteristic of all Poles, both soldiers and civilians.

Milo: Thank you, Captain Janta. And now, one more question. Are you working on a new book at present?

Captain Janta: Yes. I hope to finish it by fall. It will be the story of my escape from Germany and of my work in the Polish underground movement in Occupied France.

Milo: I am sure that all our listeners will await your new book with as great interest as I shall. Good luck to you.

"NEW PLEDGE TO POLAND"

From an article in THE TABLET, London, March 10, 1945

"The Government is being chosen for Poland by three men, of whom none is Polish and of whom one declared his intention, little more than five years ago, to eradicate the name of Poland forever.

"On the third day of the debate, Eden said: 'We have no intention of recognizing the Lublin Committee. We do not regard it as representative of Poland at all. When Churchill and I met the representatives of this Committee in Moscow, I must say they did not make a favorable impression upon us.'

"This plain spoken judgment may be compared with ROOSEVELT'S interjection about territorial settlement—'I DID NOT AGREE WITH ALL OF IT BY ANY MEANS.' It may be that the future generations will be puzzled to know why western statesmen should, in a two to one majority, have compromised in a way so plainly distasteful to them.

"No frontiers could benefit the Poles if there were not freedom within them. What really matters is the maintenance of an authentic Polish liberty. What we have given in 1945, is something much more valuable than we gave in 1939. Then we guaranteed the frontiers of Poland against one potential violator, but now we will maintain the freedom of Poland against any potential violator. We have supported the pledge with a most solemn public commitment of British honor.

"It is idle to pretend that those who take a black view have no justification for it. But the western Allies have taken their stand and challenged the Soviet Union. Halt has been called and once again the test is Poland. We have given our guarantee of real freedom to Poland. The blunt fact is that Churchill was arguing a case in which even he, himself, cannot wholly have believed. Here and there he betrayed it by a phrase. Why, indeed, should it be necessary to extend to the Poles a wholesale offer of British citizenship after the war if the Prime Minister has, indeed, such complete confidence that Stalin's benevolent words are to be taken at their face value?

"But to the Polish mind it was not encouraging to hear Churchill insisting in a manner at the bottom determinist on 'this sense of continuity which I personally feel.' So Poland, it seems, is now to be shifted bodily westward, treated like a pawn on a chess-board, losing territory on one side that is historically Polish and acquiring what other men call compensation territory, on the other side, that is not Polish at all. It shows singularly little understanding of the Poles if they are expected to be content to lose Lwow because they are promised instead some Prussian town from which all Prussians will be moved away.

"The decision on Poland, plainly distasteful to the majority of the House, was accepted not only as a matter of discipline and responsibility, but with a kind of helplessness. The final tests have not come yet, but they will not be long in coming. Then we shall have either Polish gratitude after all, or the greatest humiliation and shame."